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Horticultural.

Enriching Orchards.

If there is any doubt of the fact that judicious manuring of apple orchards will repay labor and expense, or that the successful raising of the apple crop depends upon proper manuring, then we may just as well doubt the virtue of manure upon any other crop of the farm. Yet how seldom do we see this estimate given to the enrichment of the apple orchard? And if it is the main object to obtain a crop of hay, this manuring of orchards performs a double service. But how seldom do we see this important part of the farm-crop treated thus generously? And then when the crop fails it is attributed to other causes that have no existence, especially the idea that apples won't bear any longer in our soil. Now, the facts, apples are just as well suited to the soil of Pennsylvania, and we may add to the soil of the Middle States generally, as they are to the soil of any other State or section of country. We manure the land for wheat, corn, potatoes, &c., every year, or we should not expect a crop, nor should we expect apples in the absence of occasional fertilizing.

Many farmers entertain the idea that the manure applied to orchards is so much thrown away, which ought to be used on the regular farm-crops, and thus habitually neglect the orchard, and then complain that it is useless to attempt to raise apples, as if the soil for such fruit had run-out! Experienced growers of fruit, and especially apples, know how fallacious such an idea is; they know that the crop responds to the effects of a dressing of manure as readily and as surely as does any other crop, and they would no more dream of neglecting their orchards in this respect than any other portion of their farm. A top-dressing of almost anything applied in the fall or spring will surprise one in its effects. For spring a fine dressing should be bestowed, either of wood-ashes, if it can be obtained, wood pile or road-scrappings, washings from ditches, good pulverized muck, or commercial fertilizers. In autumn compost or well-rotted barnyard manure with the lumps crushed is to be preferred.

Farmers who hesitate to enrich their orchards should inform themselves upon the subject from successful fruit-growers, not only as to the mode of manuring their orchards, but as to the best varieties of apples for the locality, as some sorts, as pears, will do much better in one locality than in another, though the distance may be only a mile or two.

Planting of Trees on Lawns.

Louisa says there are certain defects in grounds and buildings which owe their existence to errors and omissions on the part of the builder or planter and certain other sins perhaps of a more heinous nature which are committed by the occupants after the place is finished. The remote cause of these last errors is the desire inherent in almost every body who is in possession of a house or grounds which he can call his own, of doing something to it; and the immediate cause is, that this something is usually done solely with reference to itself, and without any regard to its general effect on the house or grounds, coupled as a whole. Perhaps a new flower garden is to be laid out, and it must have beds in it, or statues to ornament it, like those of B. or C., without considering that B. is a castle and C. a palace, while the scene where the flower garden is to be formed is, perhaps, a plain modern villa. The desire of imitating others is thus at once the cause of the spread of improvement and the introduction of much absurdity. The purchase of articles at sales because they are good and cheap or perhaps beautiful in themselves, is also often the means of spoiling the general effect of a residence. We have seen a handsome lawn spoiled by the desire of the lady of the house to have a piece of rockwork; and we have known the foundation of a house rendered dark by the occupier having purchased the brick and scoria of a rockwork at sale, and for want of any better situation, banking up the lawn front of his house with them. Nothing is more common than for gentlemen of leisure, who have small country residences, to attend nurserymen's sales, and purchase articles they do not want, merely because they are cheap. These cheap purchases are often fatal to the general effect of a small space. Room must be found for the trees and shrubs which have been bought, and wherever there is an open space on the lawn one or more are put down in the middle of that space. We have been told a hundred times, there is no harm in putting down a single tree, more especially as we always plant them in the middle of an open space where there are no others near. Persons arguing thus little know that a very few single trees put down on this principle of "always placing them in the middle of an open space where there are no others near," would destroy the effect of the finest place in existence. Single trees in a park or pleasure ground, are like the last touches of an artist in painting a landscape.

Notes by a Fruit-Grower.

Although it is customary to mulch strawberries, seldom do we find any one taking that trouble with the equally important raspberry and blackberry plantations. None but those who have practical knowledge of the benefits to be derived from the application of some loose material over the surface of the soil can form the least idea of the increased size and quality of the fruit. Should the mulch consist of good stable manure, so much the better for the crop, and it might be said for the greater luxuriance of the canes and foliage.

During a severe drought this protection would aid in securing an ample crop when neighboring unmulched plants present a sickly appearance and are destitute of fruit. Soapwoods, which is a valuable fertilizer for all forms of vegetation, is especially serviceable for small fruits, and in the fruit garden proper will never be wasted. Some writers have recommended the

constant use of the hoe in preference to mulching, which is good advice so far as a loose open surface soil is concerned, but it will not retain a cool, even temperature, nor a constant moisture, such as may be gained by a light porous mulch. Notwithstanding the prevalent idea that a rich soil induces blight in the pear, practice in many cases seems to refute the theory. Wood ashes and ground bone are useful fertilizers, but a good rich compost, composed of decayed stable manure, will accomplish astonishing results, not only in a greater luxuriance of growth, but in the size and quality of the fruit. The most successful orchardists are those who feed their trees with a lavish hand and without fear of disease. This may sound like radical doctrine, but the facts in many notable cases attest its truth.

As the majority of our cultivators appear to believe in doing nothing, and remaining satisfied with nothing in return, let them try a little manure as a change of base.—Philadelphia Press.

Whortleberry Culture.

A correspondent of the *Fruit Recorder* writes from Illinois, detailing his success with this fruit, which certainly it would seem might be made a source of profit if brought into cultivation: "I have been experimenting with the whortleberry now for five years. I find them to grow finely under cultivation, and there is no discount on their bearing qualities. But it takes them so long to get well established in their new quarters (some three years or more), but after they begin to bear profusely and will increase every year for a lifetime, I suppose, and every year the crop is heavier, and the berries are much larger than in their native wild state.

"The stools keep spreading on all sides all the time, from shoots, like the hazel, and when they get too many these can be removed for starting new plantings with. There is no difficulty in getting them to grow, if done properly; that is, take up as much of the old roots as possible when removed from the woods, and they should not be exposed long to the wind or sunshine to dry out the roots. I find this to be the great trouble in transplanting them from the woods—suffering the roots to get dry. I have some that I got from Michigan that bore a few berries last summer, the second season after setting; these were nice large berries, but a good deal softer than our native kinds. We have two distinct kinds here. One is a tall grower with red twigs and oblong fruit, and very blue; the other a low bush or shrub, grows from one to two feet high, the twigs about the size of the osier willow, fruit more black and cherry shaped, generally larger than the blue or oblong. The leaves are also different. I find the oblong to differ in flavor from different patches. Some are a good deal sweeter than others, like blackberries from different localities.

"I have never tried to manure them as yet, in fact I don't think it necessary, as they grow on very thin land among the rocks and gravel, and sometimes in a bed of sand. I notice those that grow in sand to be the most thrifty bushes. Old beds of forest leaves seem to suit them as well. This is all the manure I use on mine. I notice that the older they are the taller the shoots will grow in one season. I have now no doubt of making a success of them. I find the trouble with the plants from Michigan was they did not have root enough, and a good many of them died from that cause. I find there is no need of sending all the way there for plants."

Treatment of the Seeds of Coniferous Trees.

Prof. J. L. Budd, in the *Iowa Register*, tells how seeds of cone-bearing trees should be handled to ensure their germination: "The seeds of the pines, spruces, fir, larch, and other cone-bearing evergreens, should be kept dry until time for sowing in early spring. Then soak in warm water over night and sow at once in beds previously prepared. The beds should be about four feet wide, with stakes at the side on which lath are tacked with air spaces about one inch in width. Place the seeds in rows about six inches apart, on the moist smooth surface of the bed and cover with about half an inch of creek sand. As soon as sown, cover the bed with lath frames with spaces like the sides and ends of the beds. If at the time of sowing the weather be dry and windy it is best to place a light covering of straw hay over the sand used in covering, to be removed when the plants begin to prick through the sand.

"If a choice of soil can be secured for the beds it is best to select a sandy loam with perfect under drainage. If compelled to use common prairie soil it is best to haul sand to intermingle with the surface soil before the seed is put in.

"After the plants come up is the critical time, as they are liable to a fungus difficulty, technically known as 'damping off.' To guard against this, keep boxes of dry sand under cover to sprinkle over the delicate plants two or three times daily in damp weather. When the air is dry, but the sun not too vertical, it is best to wholly remove the frames for a few hours at a time. When the plants form the second leaves, the trouble from damping off will be at an end. The seeds of the cedar are more difficult to manage on account of the gummy secretion which covers them. Mr. John Wragg, of Waukegan, Dallas County, has had fine success by keeping the seeds dry until midsummer then sow in beds as above noted. The exposure to summer heat and the winter frosts seem needed by the junipers. We have also had fair success in spring sowing by first placing the seeds in moist ashes for a short time to cut the gum."

The timely possession of a couple of bottles of *ANTHROPOROS* enabled J. E. Sentman, St. Paul, Campaign Co., Ohio, to do quite a work as Good Samaritan in his neighborhood. He writes respecting it: "ANTHROPOROS has proved highly satisfactory to me. One lady who was confined to her bed with Rheumatism was relieved in twenty-four hours after beginning to take it, and has not had a return of the disease. Numerous inquiries have been made of me for the remedy."

The Squash Bug.

Prof. Cook says that heretofore the squash bug has been the hardest to deal with of all the insects which vex the farmer. He made some experiments in regard to its subjection the past year, which are given in the *Rural New Yorker*. "The eggs of the Squash Bug, which are glued to the under side of leaves, are brown, globular in form, though some what flattened, and are laid in clusters. These are laid at intervals, and as they soon hatch, we find the bugs of all sizes, all through the season, even till quite late in the fall. The larva, which has the same habits as the pupa and imago, or fully developed bug, is gray and wingless. The larva is proportionately short at first. Its soon elongates, and becomes yellowish in color. All through the season the larva, pupa and imago will be seen in company about the vines. They insert their long sucking beaks, and thus rob the squash and pumpkin vines of the sap. This causes the leaves to wrinkle up and die, and if the insects are very numerous the vines are killed. During cool nights and in winter the insects are wont to hide under any chip, clod, or other protection that is at hand.

"Heretofore our best protection against this bug was to place chips about the ground among the vines and thus capture the bugs early in the season as they would cluster under these chip traps. In common with all hemiptera, which includes our plant lice, it is difficult to poison these Squash Bugs as they do not eat, but suck their food; so any poisonous compound which we may scatter on our plants does not disturb them at all. They reach through it and so do not get it as they insert their beaks. To kill them, then, we must use some substance which will destroy by outward application. I have placed these bugs in pyrethrum for a whole day, and yet they seemed to suffer no harm. I am sure that it is useless to try to kill them with this insecticide which against many of our insects is so valuable.

"For the past two seasons I have tried kerosene oil as a remedy for these pests, and with very gratifying success. Last year I used strong soap-suds in which was placed the kerosene in the proportion of one to five. This year I have stirred the kerosene into sour milk, which had become thickened, in the same proportion and find it works well.

"I think it quite important to throw this on to the insects with considerable force. Thus, when I forced it on with Whitman's Fountain Pump, I found I succeeded better in killing the bugs than when I used a common sprinker in making the application. If applied with the sprinker, it is kept from the body by the heavy wings, which cover the body as with a flat roof. If forced on with the pump, it deluges the whole body and brings quick death.

"If applied as directed—one part to four of the milk—the vines will not be injured, I found that one to three was too strong, as it did some injury to the plants. As the kerosene mixes well with the milk when stirred, this is a convenient diluent; yet we must apply soon after the stirring, as the two substances separate when left quiet. Sweet milk answers well, but no better than does the sour and it is worth more."

Honeysuckles.

Thos. Meehan, in the *German Town Independent*, says:

"Honeysuckles are old favorites in gardens, and many suppose there is nothing new to be said about them. But there are now more kinds known than there were a few years ago, and some of the newer sorts differ in many respects from the older ones. The Chinese and Japan sorts are probably the best known of all, with the addition of the Belgian. The two former flower at the same time in the spring. Both are desirable, and are often planted together, on account of the contrast of color of the leaves and branches, the Chinese having red stems and leaves of the same tint, while the Japan is of a dark, shining green. The Japan is of a dense growth, and is the more desirable of the two, when the object is to form a screen as well as to have bloom. Then, too, the Japan is very nearly evergreen, a great portion of the leaves keeping on until spring, especially when not too badly exposed to cutting winds. The Belgian is not a good one for climbing, but for rockwork, or covering an old stump, or similar purpose, where dense growth is not wanted, it is very well suited. It is one of the honeysuckles which has a honey scent to the flowers, and it blooms occasionally throughout the summer. But for a succession of flowers, there are none equal to the newer one called *Helleana*, or *Hall's* honeysuckle. This does not commence to bloom so early as the others named; but then it flowers so profusely, and the blooms continue to come more or less all summer, that it is a sort which can not be done without, where flowers are an object. It is not alone its ever-blooming qualities which recommend it. It is besides a very strong grower, the best in that respect in fact, of any of the sorts. The leaves are not of such a glossy green as those of the Japan, but they are very persistent in the winter time. It is a sort which pleases all who have it. There are other kinds of honeysuckles valuable in collections and for certain places, such as our native scarlet and yellow sorts, which are yet occasionally met with in our woods hereabouts. It will be a long time before any vine is found to supersede the honeysuckle for planting about our homes."

Salpiglossis.

Vick's *Monthly Magazine* gives a very beautiful plate of this handsome flower, of which it says: "The *Salpiglossis* is one of the most beautiful of annuals, and makes a fine mass planted with the different colors. This plant is a native of Chili, and with us is called half-hardy. The soil where it is grown should be rich and mellow, and by preference sandy. Although the seed can be sown in a warm, sheltered place in the open ground when the weather is settled in the spring, it is better to raise the plants in the house, greenhouse or cold-frame, and thus get them earlier and more surely. Under glass

the little plants, as soon as they have made a few leaves, should be potted off in small pots, and as they grow, shifted into larger ones. In this way they can be had of good size by the time frosts are gone, and be ready to plant out and commence flowering almost immediately. They continue in bloom all summer. When the seeds are sown in the open ground the plants bloom rather late. In transplanting from pots it is best not to break the ball of soil, as this plant does not bear transplanting as well as many others, and it is best to take this precaution. We know of no flower superior to this for bright, rich coloring for vases of cut flowers."

A CONTRIBUTOR to the *Practical Farmer* says he protects the canes of tender raspberries and blackberries in the following manner: He takes a long and heavy pole or fence rail, and places it on the ground parallel with the row and closely against the canes. Then raising it slightly, he presses it firmly against the line of canes, bending them all over at once and prostrating them to the ground. A few of the canes are split, but scarcely any broken, in thus bending them over. Any additional covering will depend upon circumstances. Snow will render anything further unnecessary. Cornstalks or straw are often used, but a mass of evergreen branches is better than anything else.

Horticultural Notes.

L. H. BAILEY says he can make more money out of apples at 35 cents per bushel than from wheat at \$1.

THE market price of toads in London, Eng., is from \$15 to \$30 per hundred. Gardeners buy them to destroy obnoxious insects.

LOOK out for a "tree agent" who has curculio proof plums, the German Prune, at \$2.50 per tree; and blackberries which grow on a vine, like grapes, at \$1 each.

N. J. SHEPHERD says that he finds a great help in fighting insects in the garden is to have the soil rich and mellow, so that the plants have a strong and rapid growth, which takes them out of the way of the worst injuries by the bugs.

In trimming grape vines it should be remembered that the wood of this season's growth will be the portion to bear next year, and enough of it should be left on the vine for that purpose. The object of trimming is to remove only the superfluous wood, and the vines should not be cut too close.

A MEMBER of the Dayton, Ohio, Farmers' Club thinks it a mistake to assert that the encasing of twigs and buds of fruit trees in ice by a storm in winter is injurious, unless the weight of the ice is so great as to break them. The branches of a peach tree, lying on a roof and buried in frozen snow, which completely covered them, bore well when the exposed branches of the same tree had their fruit buds quite killed.

PROF. J. A. LINTNER says that minute as are most of our insect enemies and insignificant in size to other naturalists, yet, in combination, they have devastated countries and have brought famine and pestilence in their train. If unrestrained power could be given them, all counter checks removed, and they were left free to attack us, in our persons, food, clothing, houses, and domestic animals the consequent disease, poverty, exposure and want, would in the end, remove the human race from the face of the earth.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *German Town Telegraph* says he has found said a valuable remedy for the rust on blackberry vines, and concludes: "I have applied two or three handfuls on the surface of the ground, immediately over the roots, when the plants were badly rusted; in two or three weeks the disease had disappeared, and the plants had made a good growth. I believe moderate applications of salt, sown broadcast over a blackberry patch, would be of great benefit as a fertilizer and health renewer."

A CORRESPONDENT of the *German Town Telegraph* says the rotting of celery is due to several causes. One of these is a very rank growth just before trenching in the fall; another that sometimes the ground is so dry at trenching time that the celery wilts and decays instead of growing; a third is digging too early or covering the trenches too soon. Celery should never be lifted until there is danger of its being frozen. No slight frost will hurt it; five or ten degrees below zero will not hurt it unless very soft indeed. But a frost that will fasten it in the ground so that it cannot be dug out will kill it. There is no need usually for covering against frost until three or four weeks after it has been put away, and the covering should be gradually applied and of a kind that will lie on it lightly.

From Frank J. Pierce Periodical Depot 138 Water Street, Augusta, Me.

"I am pleased to say that two bottles of your valuable Adamson's Cough Balsam have entirely cured me of a cough of nearly a year's growth. I have tried many mixtures during that time without success."

Apianian.

Large Yields of Honey. Frank Dougherty, in the *Indiana Farmer*, says: "We have reports of large yields for the past season, which to the uninitiated would seem almost incredible, and it is having a tendency to make some of our new friends form rather extravagant ideas of what may be accomplished with the aid of our little bees. While we have great faith in our pursuit, and have realized large profits, we do not wish to be understood as saying that it is all profit and no work, neither is it certain, every year, although we have had but one entire failure in the past ten years.

"As a by-business and in connection with farming we do not know of anything that will pay better in a small way for the amount of money invested and the time required to give the necessary attention. And again a number of colonies in improved hives with the modern appliances, will pay better and require much less work in proportion, with much more certainty of success than double the number of colonies in old style box hives, and run on the old go-lucky plan.

"In speaking of improved hives and the modern system of bee-culture, it is not to be understood that the bees will gather more honey or that they will do

any better if left entirely to themselves; but that with themselves and the knowledge of the present day we are able to take advantage of their instincts, and to encourage it until the result is double the amount of gain.

"Frame hives are of no particular advantage unless the combs are built in the frames straight, so that they may be handled at will as intended, that the brood chamber may be increased or decreased to suit the requirements of the colony; that a very few bees in the spring may not be compelled to care for double the amount of combs necessary to their wants; that they may be given a few sections at a time for the storage of surplus honey; that they may be changed from one to another; that the weak may be assisted by the strong; in fact at the complete will of the bee-keeper, that they may be used as one family."

To Bee-Keepers.

A. J. Cook, Professor of Entomology at the State Agricultural College, has issued a new and enlarged edition of his "Bee-keepers' Guide, or Manual of the Apiary," the former editions having become exhausted. The new edition contains 230 pages and 192 illustrations. It has met with the strongest approval from the various journals devoted to apianian affairs, as well as from thoroughly practical bee-keepers. The fact is the Professor understands his subject and writes in such a clear and concise way that the merest novice can follow him understandingly. To the new beginner the Professor has conferred a great boon, while his researches into and investigations of the scientific department of bee-keeping will prove of the greatest interest and value to the oldest veteran. It is a sufficient proof of the great popularity of the work to state that 10,000 copies have been sold since 1876. The new edition is sold at \$1.25 per copy; but to those of our readers who would like to procure it we will send it, postage paid, and the FARMER one year, for \$2.25, a discount of 50 cents on the regular price of both.

Living witnesses certify to the efficacy of Hood's Sarsaparilla. Ask your neighbor. 100 doses \$1.

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that Hood's Sarsaparilla will cure everything, but the fact that on the purity and vitality of the blood depend the vigor and health of the whole system, and that disease of various kinds is often only the sign that nature is trying to remove the disturbing cause, we are naturally led to the conclusion that a remedy that gives life and vigor to the blood, eradicates scrofula and other impurities from it, is Hood's Sarsaparilla. Undoubtedly good, but the means of preventing many diseases that would occur without its use; hence the field of its usefulness is quite an extended one, and we are warranted in recommending it for all derangements of the system which are caused by an unnatural state of the blood.

Why Suffer with Salt-Rheum?

Messrs. C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. Gentlemen—I was a great sufferer from Salt-Rheum on my limbs, for a dozen years previous to the summer of 1878, at which time I was cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla. The skin would become dry, chapped, open, bleed and itch intensely, so that I could not help scratching, which of course made them worse. At the time I commenced taking Hood's Sarsaparilla (in the summer of 1876) they were so bad that they discharged, and I was obliged to keep them bandaged with linen cloths. The skin was drawn so tight by the heat of the discharges, that if I stooped over they would crack open and actually bring tears into my eyes. The first bottle benefited me so much that I continued taking it till I was cured. I used one box of Hood's Olive Ointment, to relieve the itching. Hoping many others may learn the value of Hood's Sarsaparilla and receive as much benefit as I have, I am, Very truly yours, MRS. S. S. MOODY, 15 Broadway, Lowell, Mass., Jan. 15, 1878.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is sold by druggists. Price \$1, or six for \$5. Prepared by C. I. HOOD & Co., Lowell, Mass.

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MICHIGAN FARMER

State Journal of Agriculture.

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The Michigan Farmer

State Journal of Agriculture.

DETROIT, TUESDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1883.

PLIMENTS OF THE

SEASON.

This issue of the FARMER is sent to

press one day earlier than usual, so as to

enable the editors, composers, and

other employees to enjoy their Christmas.

We hope that in every household the

paper reaches it will find one and all en-

joying a "Merry Christmas," and that

they may enjoy many of them is the sin-

cere wish of its publisher.

SPECIAL NOTICE

From and after this date the subscription

price of the MICHIGAN FARMER will be One

Dollar and Fifty Cents (\$1.50) per annum, and

this includes postage. As the postage is about

eighteen cents per year on a single copy, our

readers will admit that we are getting down to

bottom. The FARMER is not a cheap paper,

published by its owners for some interior

object. We do not run an insurance office or

manufacture agricultural implements, hence

we cannot afford to compete with some pub-

lishers who do. They are willing to give you a

copy for 25 or 50 cents per year, and rely upon

getting four times the price of the FARMER

out of you during the year by so doing.

Remember, \$1.50, postage included, is all we

ask you for 52 numbers of the FARMER, the

blank paper of which will cost 75 cents.

WHEAT.

The receipts of wheat in this market

the past week were 108,856 bu., against 206,253

bu. for the corresponding week in 1882,

and the shipments were 43,411 bu. The

stocks now held in this city amount to

423,770 bu., against 374,045 last

week, and 493,703 the corresponding

week in 1882. The visible supply of

this grain on Dec. 15 was 53,118,821

bu., against 54,153,933 the previous week,

and 19,781,497 bu. at corresponding date

in 1882. This shows an increase over the

amount in sight the previous week of

933,388 bu.

The wheat market has been quiet and

uninteresting all week, and the movement

of stock very light. While receipts were

small—about one half what they were the

same week last year—demands have been

equally so. There is no strength in wheat

except the feeling that it is selling close to

its intrinsic value, and therefore not likely

to show any decline that will be perman-

ent. Stocks are larger at all points, and

the foreign demand dull; as the large

stocks secured over there early in the

season give buyers the advantage. The

market closed Saturday slightly lower than

last reported, and it is doubtful if there

will be any change until after the holi-

days. Chicago was also a shade lower,

Toledo dull, with No. 2 red at \$1.04 per

bu.

The following table exhibits the daily

closing prices of wheat from December

1st to December 22d:

	No. 1	No. 2	No. 3	No. 4	No. 5
Dec. 1st	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2
Dec. 2nd	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2
Dec. 3rd	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2
Dec. 4th	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2
Dec. 5th	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2
Dec. 6th	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2
Dec. 7th	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2
Dec. 8th	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2
Dec. 9th	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2
Dec. 10th	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2
Dec. 11th	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2
Dec. 12th	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2
Dec. 13th	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2
Dec. 14th	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2
Dec. 15th	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2
Dec. 16th	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2
Dec. 17th	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2
Dec. 18th	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2
Dec. 19th	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2
Dec. 20th	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2
Dec. 21st	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2
Dec. 22nd	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2

There is little speculative trading in this

market, and futures are dull and a shade

lower. The following table gives the closing

prices of the various grades each day

during the past week:

	Dec. 23	Dec. 24	Dec. 25
Wheat, No. 1	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2
Wheat, No. 2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2
Wheat, No. 3	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2
Wheat, No. 4	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2
Wheat, No. 5	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2
Wheat, No. 6	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2
Wheat, No. 7	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2
Wheat, No. 8	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2
Wheat, No. 9	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2
Wheat, No. 10	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2

The total stocks of wheat at nineteen

leading interior and seaboard markets,

east of the Rocky Mountains, in transit

from the west to the seaboard, and afloat

on the ocean, destined for Great Britain

and continental Europe, on dates named,

were as follows:

	Wheat, bu.	Wheat, bu.	Wheat, bu.
United States east of the Rockies	33,300,000	33,300,000	33,300,000
Afloat on the ocean for Europe	20,100,000	20,100,000	20,100,000
Total, December 1st, 1883	53,400,000	53,400,000	53,400,000
Previous week	53,700,000	53,700,000	53,700,000
Total, December 1st, 1882	43,500,000	43,500,000	43,500,000
Total, December 1st, 1881	45,800,000	45,800,000	45,800,000

The stock of breadstuffs in Great Britain

is said to be equal to 4,000,000 bushels,

greater than ever before known; and 9-

000,000 bushels larger than at this period

last year. The stock in the United States

at the last computation was the largest

ever held at one time. But the stocks

have undoubtedly reached their highest

point, and a decline is likely to set in

from now onward.

The following table shows the prices

ruling at Liverpool on Monday last, as

compared with those of one week pre-

vious:

	Dec. 23	Dec. 24	Dec. 25
Wheat, extra State	12s. 0d.	12s. 0d.	12s. 0d.
Wheat, No. 1	12s. 0d.	12s. 0d.	12s. 0d.
Wheat, No. 2	12s. 0d.	12s. 0d.	12s. 0d.
Wheat, No. 3	12s. 0d.	12s. 0d.	12s. 0d.
Wheat, No. 4	12s. 0d.	12s. 0d.	12s. 0d.
Wheat, No. 5	12s. 0d.	12s. 0d.	12s. 0d.
Wheat, No. 6	12s. 0d.	12s. 0d.	12s. 0d.
Wheat, No. 7	12s. 0d.	12s. 0d.	12s. 0d.
Wheat, No. 8	12s. 0d.	12s. 0d.	12s. 0d.
Wheat, No. 9	12s. 0d.	12s. 0d.	12s. 0d.
Wheat, No. 10	12s. 0d.	12s. 0d.	12s. 0d.

CORN AND OATS.

The receipts of corn in this market the past week were 63,459 bu., and the shipments were 63,332 bu. The visible supply in the country on Dec. 15 amounted to 8,815,876 bu., against 8,829,842 bu. the previous week, and 7,407,700 bu. at the same date last year. The visible supply shows a decrease during the week of 455,534 bu. The stocks now held in this city amount to 23,027 bu., against 44,104 bu. last week, and 29,335 bu. the corresponding date in 1882. Two years ago the visible supply at this date amounted to 17,932,368 bu., or 9,116,892 bu. more than at present. Our local market is a shade lower than a week ago, and No. 2 corn is quoted at 55c and new mixed at 53c. In futures there was little doing, January delivery closing at 55c for No. 2. Stocks are lighter at all leading points, and the demand is good for cash corn. In Chicago the week closed with corn strong, and values higher than a week ago. No. 2 corn is quoted there at 61c for spot, 61c for December delivery, 62c for January, 59c for February, and 62c for May. The Toledo market is quoted quiet at 55c bid for No. 2. For December delivery, 59c was offered, and for May 61c per bu. We see nothing in the reports to justify a decline. On the contrary it looks as if the Chicago market was the only one in which the whole situation is realized. The Liverpool market is quoted at 55.5d. per cental.

The receipts of oats in this market the past week were 26,532 bu., and the shipments were 3,851 bu. The visible supply of this grain on Dec. 15 was 5,894,554 bu., against 2,909,482 bu. at the corresponding date in 1882. Stocks in this city Saturday amounted to 72,638 bu., against 60,759 bu. the previous week, and 60,031 bu. at the same date last year. The visible supply shows a decrease during the week of 50,953 bu. Oats have declined about 1c per bu. during the past week, the market closing quiet on Saturday at 36c for No. 2 white, and 34c for No. 2 mixed. Street prices are 28c for No. 2 white, and 26c for No. 2 mixed. The Chicago market is quoted quiet and a shade lower than a week ago, No. 2 mixed selling at 34c per bu. In futures, No. 2 mixed for December delivery sell at 34c, January at 34c, February at 34c, and May at 34c. The Toledo market is quoted quiet at 34c per bu. for No. 2 mixed spot, and same for December delivery, January at 33c, and May at 33c. At New York the market is quoted steady, owing to light receipts. Quotations there are as follows: No. 3 mixed, 39c; No. 2 mixed, 40c; No. 1 mixed, 41c; No. 2 white, 41c; No. 1 white, 43c; Western white, 40c to 44c.

DAIRY PRODUCTS.

So far as this market is concerned we can only repeat what we said a week ago; there is little inquiry except for choice butter, and there is not much of that being offered. Receivers are quoting 30c to 31c for butter, for fair to good crock and roll, but below those grades prices are based on what can be got, ranging down to 28c for summer packed stock. Creamery is quoted at 30c to 31c, but little is being received. In Chicago the market is quoted dull and lower, with the decline extending to all grades. Quotations there are as follows: Fancy creamery, 32c to 33c; fair to choice do, 25c to 30c; choice dairy, 23c to 24c; fair to good do, 19c to 22c; common grades, 14c to 16c; packing stock 10c to 12c. The New York market is very quiet, with prices on choice State stock a little higher than a week ago. The upper grades of western are also higher, and held steady. Quotations on State stock in that market are as follows: Fancy creamery, 30c to 31c; choice do, 28c to 29c; prime do, 25c to 26c; fair to good do, 23c to 24c; ordinary do, 19c to 22c; best butts and pails, 30c, fine do, 28c to 29c; good do, 24c to 25c; and fair do, 18c to 20c. Quotations on western stock are as follows:

	Western imitation creamery, choice	24 1/2	25 1/2
Western do, good to prime	22 1/2	23 1/2	24 1/2
Western do, ordinary to fair	18 1/2	19 1/2	20 1/2
Western dairy, best	22 1/2	23 1/2	24 1/2
Western dairy, ordinary	18 1/2	19 1/2	20 1/2
Western dairy, best-current make	18 1/2	19 1/2	20 1/2
Western factory, fair to good	13 1/2	14 1/2	15 1/2
Western factory, ordinary	12 1/2	13 1/2	14 1/2

Chese is a little "off" since our last report, and the finest full cream State is quoted at 14c, and second quality at 13c to 14c. The demand is fair, and almost equal to the offerings. The Chicago market is quoted dull, but with prices at the same range as a week ago. Quotations there are as follows: Full cream cheddars, 13c to 14c; 12c to 13c; full cream flats, 13c to 14c; slightly skimmed, 12c to 13c; common to fair skims, 7c to 8c; low grades, 2c to 3c. The New York market is firm and steady, with holders of choice grades seeking more than a week ago. The demand is good, and shippers have been obliged to advance offers to secure supplies. Quotations in that market are as follows:

	State factory, fancy	12 1/2	13 1/2
State factory, prime	12 1/2	13 1/2	14 1/2
State factory, fair to good	10 1/2	11 1/2	12 1/2
Ohio flats, fancy	12 1/2	13 1/2	14 1/2
Ohio flats, good to prime	10 1/2	11 1/2	12 1/2
Ohio flats, ordinary	8 1/2	9 1/2	10 1/2
Factory skims, choice	8 1/2	9 1/2	10 1/2
Factory skims, good	6 1/2	7 1/2	8 1/2
Factory skims, fair	4 1/2	5 1/2	6 1/2

The Liverpool market is quoted steady at 62s 6d. per cwt., the same price as quoted one week ago.

PORK AND HOGS.

The pork market is active and strong at all points, and live hogs have felt the influence, as shown by a further advance in prices. In this city dressed hogs are in demand at \$6 75c to \$5 per cwt. for anything over 150 lbs., and even better terms have been secured for choice hogs. The receipts of hogs, both live and dressed, are slackening up, and many dealers are inclined to think that the winter packing will show a decrease in numbers packed. Others, however, attribute the falling off to the fact that the farmers are holding their hogs to consume the large amount of damaged corn in the corn belt. It is probable both those causes are influencing the market, and that later on, say about the middle of January, receipts will increase sufficiently to influence the market, and the hogs received be heavier than usual. So far all who have held their

hogs have made money. It is now for them to determine their course for the future. Although we do not look for any decline in values to set in that will be lasting, in considering this question it must be remembered that corn is high, and it costs more to make pork than usual. The Cincinnati Price Current says of the outlook:

The bad reports in regard to corn do not diminish the interest in the pork market. The corn belt the extent of the damage is serious. Farmers are realizing high figures, however, for this poor corn now being converted into fat animals, and instead of hurrying hogs to market as they were inclined to do a little way back, they are now delaying the marketing, and enlarging the feeding, so as to utilize the damaged corn to the best advantage—a very judicious course for them to pursue. Allowing that it takes 25 per cent more than the usual quantity of corn to add 100 pounds in weight to the hog, farmers are realizing 40 to 45c per bushel for this inferior corn at home, fed to this stock, at current prices. The hog market looks for a moderate movement in hogs until after the first week in January, and liberal numbers later, and good quality. The quality of hogs now being marketed is generally better than earlier, and is really good. There seems to be a growing apprehension that values of product are low, perhaps not until next month, may suffer a considerable break, and there is some reason for the apprehension.

Reports show the number of hogs packed from November 1 to December 19, at the undermentioned places, with comparisons with last season, to be as follows:

	1883.	1882.
Chicago	1,275,000	1,245,000
Kansas City	201,567	187,000
Cincinnati	227,000	218,000
St. Louis	163,000	180,000
Indianapolis	146,000	132,000
Milwaukee	165,000	140,000
Louisville	230,000	225,000
Cedar Rapids, Iowa	84,490	61,320
Cleveland, Ohio	165,000	140,000
Des Moines, Iowa	65,000	20,000
Keokuk, Iowa	22,829	23,468

At this season of the year we are compelled to give up considerable space to the various conventions held by the different interests pertaining to agriculture. This week the sheep breeders are accorded a good deal of space, but not too much, we believe, when we consider the great importance of the sheep industry in this State. It belongs to and forms a part of the agricultural system of Michigan. The Convention held at Lansing last week was notable for the large attendance of representative farmers, and the general interest manifested by those present. The papers read and the discussions upon them were all of a most practical character. Among those present were Alonzo Sessions, Henry Chamberlain, John T. Rich, A. M. Willett, Wm. Ball, H. H. Hinds, who are well known agricultural men, and such veteran sheep men as Adrian Taylor, D. P. and H. R. Dewey, C. M. Fellows, E. W. Hardy, A. A. and J. S. Wood, J. H. Thompson, J. C. Thompson, George Radford, George Stuart, R. B. Carus, G. W. Kennedy, B. G. Buell, and a long list of others well known to readers of the FARMER in connection with this great interest. Hillsdale sent nine representatives, and active ones too, the Saginaw Valley was represented, and Oceana County was heard through one of her enterprising business men; Kalamazoo, Jackson, Ionia, Genesee, Calhoun, Ingham, Allegan, Oakland, Washtenaw, Branch, St. Joseph, and Lenawee Counties were ably represented. We were also pleased to see the number of young breeders present, and the active part they took in the proceedings. It showed that when the time comes for the old veterans to leave the flocks they have so long watched over, their places will be filled by those who will continue the improvement begun by them. These young men are rapidly pushing to the front; they have less to contend with than had the pioneers in whose footsteps they follow, many of whom have grown gray in the business, and should therefore accomplish even greater results.

We acknowledge the receipt of the following from Wm. G. Brownlee, Secretary of the Detroit Free Trade League:

"Would you agree to publish in your paper short articles on the tariff question, if proof sheets were furnished you? The articles will be non-partisan, and will be written by men who thoroughly understand the subject. Several of the well known economists as Prof. Sumner, Prof. Perry, and Hon. David A. Wells."

We cannot afford the space necessary for these "economists" to expatiate on their particular hobby, or any other hobby. Were they farmers or workingmen, not wedded to any theory, but seeking after the truth, they would be given a hearing with pleasure. But "Professors" and lawyers are generally so full of theories that it is impossible for them to treat questions in a plain, practical manner, that would be of benefit to the people generally.

Poetry.

THE OLD TRUNDLE BED.

O, the old trundle bed, where I slept when a boy!
What could I do but lie there and dream of my joy?
The glory and peace of that slumber of mine,
Like a long, graceful rest in the bosom divine.
The quiet, homely couch, hidden close from the light,
But drawn from its hiding at night.
O, a nest of delight from the foot to the head,
Was the queer little, dear little, old trundle bed!
O, the old trundle bed, where I wondering saw
The stars through the window, and listened with awe
To the sigh of the winds as they tremulously crept
Through the trees where the robin so restlessly slept.
Where I heard the low, murmurous cheep of the wren,
And the katydid gleefully chirrup again.
Till my fancies grew faint and were drowsily led
Through the maze of the dreams of the old trundle bed.

O, the old trundle bed! O, the old trundle bed!
With its plump little pillow and old-fashioned spread;
Its snowy white sheets and the blankets above,
Smoothed down and tucked round with the touches of love;
The voice of my mother to lull me to sleep,
With the old fairy stories my memories keep
Still fresh as the lilies that bloom o'er the head.
Once bowed with my own o'er the old trundle bed.
J. W. Riley, in Life.

LITTLE FEET.

Two little feet so small that both may nestle
In one caressing hand.
Two tender feet upon the untrodden border
Of life's mysterious land.
Dimpled and soft, and pink as peach tree blossoms
In April's fragrant days,
How can they walk among the briery tangles
Edging the world's rough ways?
These white rose feet along the doubtful future
Must wear a woman's load;
Alas! Since woman has the heaviest burden
And walks the hardest road.
Love for awhile will make the path before them
All dainty, smooth and fair—
Will call away the thorns, letting only
The roses blossom there.
Between the mother's watchful eyes are shrouded
Away from the sight of men,
And those dear feet are left without her guiding,
Who shall direct them then?
Will they get stumbling blindly in the darkness
Of sorrow's fearful shades,
Or find the upland slopes of peace and beauty,
Whose sunlight never fades?
How shall it be with her, the tender stranger,
Fair-faced and gentle-eyed,
Before whose untroubled feet the world's rude
Highway stretches so strange and wide?
Ah! who may read the future? For our darling
We crave all blessings sweet,
And pray that he who feeds the crying ravens
Will guide the baby's feet.
—Florence Perry.

Miscellaneous.

A ROMANCE OF THE BRIDGE.

A New York Times historian (so he says) was recently engaged in a little "operation" with Frank James and Henry James Jr., in an attempt to rob the mail and obtain a letter which contained a pointer on Western Union in transit from Jay Gould to the Princess of Madagascar. To effect this happy result the drivers of all the mail wagons were chloroformed, and the mail was hurriedly searched. The letter looked for was not discovered; it was afterward ascertained that Mr. Gould had used a postal card—but the historian found the following document which sufficiently explains it.

My DARLINGEST KATE,—I am sure you will forgive me for waiting three whole hours before writing, when I relate the occurrences of this morning. It is so romantic, just like one of Miss Braddon's stories for all the world. Now, please promise me, dear Kate, not to skip down to where the interesting part of the letter begins, but read it right straight through, or I shall never forgive you. You will, won't you?

Well we had an awfully stupid trip down here, the only pleasant incident was when a fat woman fell out of a top berth onto the porter, who was crawling under our berth, right opposite, after pa's shoes. Pa had tried to hide his shoes, you know, so as not to have to pay the porter for polishing them, but it was no use. The old lady gave him a quarter (the porter, not pa) for being there when she fell out. There was absolutely no one on the train worth speaking to, and so I was awfully glad when we reached New York at last, just a little more than three hours ago. But what an awful lot of things have occurred in these three hours!

Kate, it seems like fate that Pa brought us with him to New York. You see, we came to the Astor House because Pa has to transact business down town, but of course you don't know that the Astor House is down town, after all. But it is, though. We were landed in the Grand Central Station, and when Pa and Ma and Toby—I could just slap that child, he's such a horrid nuisance—and I came out into the street, I really thought, Kate, that those cabmen would put us into their horrid old cabs. Pa had to pull like everything to get his valise away from one of them and he did look ridiculous. Anybody could tell that he and Ma and Toby didn't belong in New York, they acted so—so interested in everything, but I just behaved as if I had always lived here, only I will admit that I thought the glass box they put tickets in on the elevated railroad station was an ice cream freezer, and asked pa, so that a man heard me, what in the world they wanted to sell cream for at this time of year. How that horrid man, that heard me, did roar! I don't see that he had much to laugh about though. His overcoat was awfully shabby. But I really don't know what I am writing all this nonsense for. I started to write about the Brooklyn bridge and how we went across. Pa was awfully anxious to see the bridge, and the sleeping car conductor told him

that it was right at the end of the elevated railroad, and so Pa said we'd go down on the elevated and go across the bridge before we went to the hotel, as we'd sent all the baggage down.

Kate, you have no idea what a frightful sensation it is riding over the elevated railroad! First we went just a little way in one car and then got off and waited for a long train, and then we went down an awful way in the train, and finally had to climb over a great high bridge, level with the roofs of the highest buildings, and take another train. We rode all the way even with the second story windows of the houses, and I should hate to have to live in one of those rooms. You know you can look right in and see everything. Won't you ever tell me if I tell you something? Well, I actually saw a man in one of those rooms—I almost blush even to write it—in his shirt sleeves. Don't you remember we have always heard that New York people are awfully fast? I guess that's pretty true. Why, whole families frequent every saloon we passed had a family entrance. Isn't it shocking? I should hate to live here because I haven't the slightest doubt that if we did Toby would grow up to drink beer.

But I haven't told you a word about the bridge yet. When we finally got down to what they call the "City Hall Station" it was about 8 o'clock in the morning—you see we got in on a very early train—and everybody was rushing down town in such a hurry that we thought there must be a fire, and pa asked a policeman about it, and the policeman said it was only men in a hurry to get to their offices. Then pa asked the policeman what that was we were standing by, and he said it wasn't a depot, it was the Brooklyn bridge. Pa told the policeman he'd better not try to goy him, because he was acquainted with his superiors, and that horrid policeman actually told pa to go and fall off the dock, and said he'd better tie a string to himself or he'd get lost. Then ma said very dignified to the policeman that he was an impudent wretch, and do you know what that policeman did? He told ma to pull down her vest! I was never so shocked in my life! Then we asked another policeman where the bridge was, and sure enough that was the bridge we were standing by.

Pa said we'd walk across and then ride back, and so we went in where a lot of horses and wagons were coming out, and two more policemen stopped us—I never saw such an awful lot of policemen as there were around there—and told us to go in further up through the ticket office. So pa took hold of me, and ma grabbed Toby by the middle of his arm, we went in and had to pay five cents apiece. Then we climbed up a high flight of stairs and came to a place where there was a railroad track and a side-walk beside it, and we walked out to the end of that sidewalk, and pa asked another policeman if it wasn't dangerous to walk out on the railroad track, and the policeman told us there'd be a car there in a minute. Pa told him we wanted to walk across, and he told us to go down the stairs and back through the ticket office and get our money back, and then to go through the next gate and only pay one cent apiece. Pa said the facilities of the bridge were very poorly arranged, and we went back and got into the right place at last. Pa went into ecstasies and talked so loud about the bridge being a monument for all ages that everybody stopped to look at him. It was simply grand, and after all I had heard about the bridge I was not prepared to find such an absolutely immense structure. We could look right straight ahead, it seemed for a mile, up the broad pathway with a stone parapet on either side, clear up to a great tower, with an arch, through which the roadway led. And that tower was only the first pier of the bridge. After that came the tremendous span high in mid air across the river, and then another tall tower, and the same long descent down to the Brooklyn streets.

There were whole crowds of people coming over from Brooklyn, and on a roadway a little below the path for foot passengers, wagons and trunks, and butchers' and bakers' carts and carriages and couples were clattering down to the street, on one side; and starting up the incline toward Brooklyn on the other, and then the cars ran on both sides of us too. There were any number of awfully swell young fellows coming over from Brooklyn, all in the greatest hurry, with nice little canes and umbrellas and patent leather shoes, and the sweetest little short overcoats you ever saw. I wish Howard Smith would ever saw. I wish those coats; though I don't know as I need to care what he wears after what has happened this morning—but I haven't got to that yet. (Now please don't skip down to that place!) There were lots of other people coming over besides young men and girls, and you never saw such a lot of shop girls. I'm glad I'm not a shop girl. It must be perfectly horrid to have to walk on the streets with your luncheon done up in a paper. I should think they could carry it some way so people wouldn't know what it was. Do you remember how Howard Smith used to carry his dinner in an opera glass case? His sister said that he almost starved to death before his salary was raised, because he couldn't afford to buy his luncheon down town and didn't have time to come home at noon; and he would not carry enough luncheon down to his office for fear he might be taken for a person that had to work for his living, if people could see the parcel. But some of those shop girls were real pretty, and some of them were awfully jolly and full of fun, and were laughing and telling stories and smiling at some of those young men. But there were some of them who looked so faded and tired and worn out! Their faces appeared so weary and sad, as if they had nothing to live for and not half enough to eat, and they seemed so unattractive and bitter that I couldn't help pitying them awfully, and they've been on my mind ever since.

Well, we walked up the bridge toward the great town. We started even with the street, and gradually we got up to the second stories of the houses, and then to the third and fourth stories, and finally even with the roofs, and still higher, until

we looked down on the roofs, and still higher and higher, until we were far above the tallest factory chimneys, and the people in the streets below looked like little black dolls, and the great buildings like railroad cars. The chimneys and roofs and sides of the houses on both sides of the bridge were covered with all kinds of advertisements of all kinds of things. But when we had passed the great pier and came out on the span of the bridge over the river the view in both directions was absolutely glorious. To the south the sun was sparkling on the waters of the river, clear down into the bay, and through the Narrows, far, far out into the vast ocean, which stretched away and away until the soft blue blended with the azure of the sky. On both sides of us the harbor was a forest of masts, and the two cities lay spread far out to the east and west. Beneath us—but so far below that they seemed like toys—vessels of all descriptions were steaming and puffing up and down the river and in and out from the piers; ferry boats, barges, steamers, schooners, fishing-smacks, row-boats, and sailing craft of all kinds danced upon the sparkling water, while to the north the river wound sinuously among the piers and houses close to its edge, and disappeared in a labyrinth of brick. (Isn't that a beautiful description, Kate? I can't tell you how many sheets of paper I've wasted in accomplishing it. I wish you'd read it to your uncle, and if he insists on printing it in his paper you can let him.)

Now comes the romantic part of my story, Kate. While we were standing leaning over the bridge, and pa was pointing out Blackwell's Island, where, he told us, they were going to put the statue of Bartholdi, an awfully, awfully handsome and perfectly swell young gentleman, with the loveliest mustache and eyes and the divinest hands and feet, who had been standing near us looking at me, came over to us and said to pa, in such a very polite way that we couldn't have been offended if we'd tried:

"I beg a thousand pardons, sir; but pa allow me to set you right. That is Governor's Island, where Gen. Hancock's headquarters are situated, and the statue is to go on Bedloe's Island, a little further out." Of course pa thanked him, and then he pointed out some more islands and told us about them, and was just as polite and nice as he could be. I could see that he wanted to talk to me, but pa never thinks of such things, and so he kept him all to himself, and they walked along ahead of us toward Brooklyn, and what do you think? He turned out to be a nephew of the cashier of pa's bank, and he has been in Milwaukee and knows the Jones and the Thompsons and a lot more nice people; and he said he had heard of me and had been anxious to meet me for a long time. He saw me once from the Robinson's window, you know. His name is Cecil St. Elmo. Isn't that a perfectly lovely name? And he is a broker in Wall Street, and must be worth heaps of money, because he invited me to occupy his box at the Metropolitan Opera House. I said that I should like to see 'Faust' ever so much, and then ma did make herself ridiculous. She asked if Irving was playing in 'Faust', and Mr. St. Elmo said no, that Mr. Irving was playing in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin'. I don't think he is, though. I guess he must have been joking.

Well, we went over to the other end of the bridge to take the cars back, and Mr. St. Elmo went with us. That horrid little Toby got tired, of course, and Mr. St. Elmo wouldn't let pa carry him, but took him himself. I think it was awful of pa to let him, but he carried him clear to the cars. We had to pay five cents apiece more to go back on the cars, and pa paid for Mr. St. Elmo. Mr. St. Elmo tried to pay for us first himself, but pa got his money out first. It's the funniest thing the way those cars start! You get on the car and a little engine pushes it past the platform, and then the engine goes back. Have you read about the "grip"? Well, after the engine goes back, the grip tries to start the car along over the bridge by rubbing against something on the bottom that jars the whole car, like a sewing machine running in the same room. After a while the car begins to start, very slowly at first, and then it moves off and runs along very smoothly and nicely. It only takes about four minutes to cross on the car, and we could see just the same view that I described to you so beautifully before.

Kate, Mr. St. Elmo talked to me all the way over, and is perfectly charming. Pa and ma were both delighted with him, and he is going to take us out to the park in his carriage this afternoon. Now, Kate, you must promise not to tell anybody, but I really think that he is just little bit gone over me, and I sure that I never liked any body half so well as I could him. He is just perfect. Now, there is another thing I think we had better do. Don't you think it would be a kind thing to give Howard Smith a hint about the way I feel toward Mr. St. Elmo, so that if anything comes of it the shock will not be too sudden to him? I should feel very badly if Howard should commit suicide, but I know now that he and I can never be anything more than friends to each other. Oh, Kate, if you could only see Mr. St. Elmo! I wonder if he is engaged to anybody here. He was as much as intimated to me that he was not when we were talking about marriage coming over on the car. I didn't tell you, did I, that after we got back over the bridge we came directly over here to the Astor House? Well, we did, and Mr. St. Elmo promised to introduce pa to a bank he has business with, and pa has gone with him now. He is going to take dinner with us here when they come back.

But I must hurry and close, because ma wants me to help unpack the trunks, to get out some things for us to wear in the Park this afternoon, and perhaps we shall go with Mr. St. Elmo to the opera this evening. Ma says that as he is a relative of an intimate friend of pa's, there will not be any impropriety in accepting two invitations in one day. But I must stop writing at once, or I shall go on forever. Good-bye, dear Kate, for the present; I will write again to-morrow about our drive and Mr. St. Elmo.

Your most intimate and dearest friend,
FANNIE.

P. S.—This is strictly private and confidential, of course, about Mr. St. Elmo. F. P. S.—My DEAREST KATE,—I have unsealed this letter to tell you that something awful has happened. Pa has just come in and told us to pack up and get ready to start home to-night. I never saw him in such a frightful rage. He absolutely swore so awfully that ma screamed, and it was about Mr. St. Elmo, too. He says that he is a "bunco-steerer," whatever that is, and that he'll kill him if he ever sees him again; and it seems that pa some way has lost all his money. Isn't it awful? I could just cry. You'd better not say anything to Howard about what I told you.
FANNIE.

Received.

THE LEAGUE OF THE IROQUOIS. By Benjamin Hathaway. S. C. Gregg & Co., Chicago.

The Confederacy of the Five Nations, all historians are agreed, was one of the most remarkable organizations among savage nations, of which we have a knowledge. Five Indian tribes formed an alliance which continued for hundreds of years, and which is still the admiration of statesmen, because of the sagacity and wisdom of its polity. It is of this confederation of the Iroquois, undoubtedly the most intelligent of Indian tribes, that Mr. Hathaway's book treats. He gives us the Indian account of the origin of the League; and the adventures of the mythical Haywenatha afford a theme for the poetic imagery of the author, who has carefully studied their traditions, and brought out all their romance and beauty. In view of the rapid decadence of the race, and the fact that its total extinction seems but a question of time, Mr. Hathaway's book possesses a historical value, aside from the poetic and literary merit. The poet's imagination invests the myths and legends and superstitions of the Indians with new interest. The book has been received with unusual favor by the best critics of the day; all have united in praising it. The *Inter-Ocean* calls it one of the finest descriptive poems American literature has produced; Harper's *Magazine* says it is instinct with good taste and poetic feeling, affluent of picturesque description and graceful portraiture. By applying to Mr. Hathaway immediately, the few remaining copies of the author's edition of this book may be obtained, together with "Art Life," a volume of poetry previously published by Mr. Hathaway, for the extremely low price of \$1.50 for the two.

BEES KEEPING FOR PROFIT: A New System of Bee Management. By Mrs. Lizzie E. Cotton.

This book, which purports to give a new and original system of managing bees safely and profitably, seems to have been written far more in the interests of the "Controllable Hive," invented by the author, than for the purpose of giving new or valuable information on apiculture. The hive, which appears to be both expensive and complicated, is not endorsed by practical and experienced apiarists; there is nothing of value to the bee-keeper in the volume, which is sketchy in character and "thin" in several senses of the word. As proof we may mention that Mrs. Cotton says, even in this new and revised edition, that the honey extractor "cannot be used to advantage and profit by the majority of bee-keepers," whereas Prof. Cook and all other leading apiarists pronounce it an invaluable aid. The rest of the work is of a piece with this assertion.

OVER THE WORLD. Travels, Adventures and Achievements. Compiled by Henry Howe. Bradley & Co., Philadelphia.

Out of a variety of materials, gathered from many sources, the author has succeeded in compiling a very readable volume of over eight hundred pages, containing historical items and facts, interesting incidents and exciting adventures, somewhat disconnected, but entertaining to the omnivorous reader. Considerable portions are condensations of historical works and travels, notably from Howett's History, Captain Porter's "Cruise of the Essex," and Miss Bird's travels in Japan, and others, and the range of contents literally runs "over the world." The book will be specially interesting to the young, who will find its narrative of details more engrossing than dry historical facts.

SUNSHINE. By Mrs. Lonnie T. Craig. D. Lothrop & Co., Boston.

We have here a fairly readable book, apparently a continuation of a previous story entitled "The Cedars," designed more particularly for young girls. It is not sufficiently thrilling to keep them awake at night, but the most captious could not cavil at its morals. A boarding school Christmas celebration and a mildly sensational boarding school adventure are described, and the pretty school-girl heroine comes scathless out of all her little perplexities.

German Carp.

There has been a great deal of talk about the value of this fish, its rapid growth and adaptability to sluggish pools and muddy, currentless streams and ponds, but little has been said of the flesh when submitted to table test. That they flourish in size very rapidly, and will flourish where other fish would not thrive is undoubtedly true; but before going to the expense of fitting up ponds and paying \$5 per pair for fish to stock them, it might be prudent to inquire into the food value of the product. A correspondent of the *N. Y. Tribune* boldly says the stories sound very like those put out by adventurers who have worked the mulberry, Angora goat and other enterprising to the filling of their own pockets and the depletion of those of the credulous, and advises caution until more is known of the flavor and quality of these lazy fellows; and Charles Dudley Warner, the well known author, says that after eating carp he realized why the German government is "kindly sending the young fish out of the country." He also says that "though in some respects the carp and stories about carp differ, nevertheless, in one important particular they are both alike—it is very difficult to swallow either."

Now is the time to take Hood's Sarsaparilla

THE MAN ON THE LEFT

"The gentleman on the left, Kate—do you know him? He has looked frequently toward you."
"Has he?"
"Who is it?"
"I cannot tell. I have not seen him."
"Suppose you look?"
"I prefer not. I came to see the play."
"Is not Helen Franchet superb?"
"So, so. I wish you would tell me who that gentleman on the left is. I am sure he knows you and he is strikingly handsome."

"At present the stage interests me. Besides, if men are rude enough to stare at strangers there is no occasion for us to imitate them."
"Your ladyship has no curiosity?"
"I exhausted it some time ago."
Her ladyship was not telling the truth, she was intensely curious, but it pleased her at the time to pique the Honorable Selina Dorset. That strange sympathy that makes us instantly conscious of a familiar glance, even in a crowded building, had solicited her regard just as Selina had advised her of it. If she had not been asked to look toward her left she would probably have done so; as it was, she resolutely avoided any movement in that direction.

The play finished in a tumult of applause. Lady Kate Talbot forgot everything in her excitement, as she stood up flushed and trembling, she inadvertently turned toward the left. Instantly she recognized a presence with which she ought to have been familiar enough. The gentleman bowed with an extreme respect. Lady Kate acknowledged the courtesy in a manner too full of astonishment to be altogether gracious, and the elaborate politeness of the recognition was not softened by any glance implying a more tender intimacy than that of mere acquaintance.

My lady was silent all the way home, and for some reason Selina was not disposed to interrupt her reverie. It did not seem to be an unpleasant one. Kate's face had a bright flush on it, and her eyes held a gleam of light—a light that resembled what Selina would have called hope and love, if my lady had not already been married, and her destiny apparently settled.

"Selina, when you have got rid of all that lace and satin, come to my room; I have something to tell you."
Selina nodded pleasantly. She was sure it concerned the gentleman on the left. She had no love affairs of her own on hand or heart at present, and being neither literary nor charitable her time went heavily onward. A little bit of romance, especially if connected with the cold or proper Lady Talbot, would be of all things the most interesting.

She was speedily unrobed, and with her long blonde hair hanging loosely over her pretty dressing-gown, she sought my lady's room. Lady Talbot sat in a dreamlike stillness, looking into the bright blaze on the hearth. She scarcely stirred as Selina took a large chair beside her, and scarcely smiled when she lifted one of her loosened curls and said: "What exquisite hair you have, Kate! True golden."

"Yes, it is beautiful. I know that, of course."

"Of what are you thinking so intently?"

"Of the gentleman on our left to-night."

"And who is he? He seemed to know you."

"He ought to know me much better than he does. He is my husband, Lord Richard Talbot."

"Kate!"

"It is true."

"I thought he was in Europe, or Asia, or Africa, or somewhere at the end of the world."

"He is now in England, it seems. I suppose he just arrived. I have not seen him before."

"Where is he staying, then?"

"I presume in the left wing of this mansion. I notice there are more lights than usual in it to-night. His apartments are there."

"Now, Kate, do tell me all, dear. You know I love a romantic love affair, and I am sure this one."

"There were never more mistaken, Selina. There is no love at all in the affair. That is the secret of the whole position. I thought as you were staying here all the week, and might probably see or meet my lord, it was better to make all clear to you. People are apt to associate wrong with things they do not understand."

"To be sure, dear. I suppose Lord Richard and you have had a little disagreement. Now, if I could only do anything toward a reconciliation, I should be happy, you know."

"No Selina, there has been no quarrel, and you can do nothing at all between us. I don't want you to try. Just be kind enough to ignore the whole circumstance. Lord Richard and I understood each other nearly four years ago."

"But it is not four years since you married?"

"Just four years—yesterday."

"And my lord has been away—"

"Three years, eight months and eighteen days, so far as I know."

"Well, this is a most extraordinary thing, and very, very sad, I must say."

"It might easily have been much sadder. I am going to tell you the exact truth, and I rely upon your honor and discretion to keep the secret inviolable."

"My dear Kate, I would not name it for the world."

"Listen, then. One night, when I was scarcely seventeen years old, my father sent for me to come to his study. I had known for months that he was dying. He was the only creature that I had to love, and I loved him very tenderly. He mentioned this also, for it partly explains my conduct, that the idea of disobeying him in anything had never presented itself to me as a possibility. This night I found with him his life-long friend, the late Lord Talbot, and the present Lord my husband. I was a shy, shrinking girl, without any knowledge of dress or society, and very timid and embarrassed in my manners. Then my father told me that it was necessary for the good of both houses, that Richard and I

should marry, that Richard had consented, and that I must meet a few friends at our private chapel at seven o'clock in the morning a week later. Of course these things were told me in a very gentle manner, and my dear father, with many loving kisses, begged me as a last favor to him to make no objection."

"And what did Lord Richard say?"

"I glanced up at him. He stood near a window looking out over our fine old park, and when he felt my glance he colored deeply and bowed. Lord Talbot said rather angrily, 'Richard, Miss Escher waits for you to speak.' Then Lord Richard turned toward me and said something, but in such a low voice that I did not catch its meaning. 'My son says you do him a great honor—and pleasure,' exclaimed Lord Talbot, and he kissed me and led me toward the unwilling bridegroom."

"Of course I ought to have hated him, Selina, but I did not. On the contrary, I fell desperately in love with him. Perhaps it would have been far better for me if I had not. Richard read my heart in my face, and despised his easy conquest."

"As for me, I suffered in that weak and torturing suspense of a timid school-girl in love. I dressed myself in the best of my plain, unbecoming childish toilettes, and watched wearily every day for a visit from my promised husband; but I saw no more of him until our wedding morning. By this time some very rich clothing had arrived for me, and also a London maid, and I think, even then, my appearance was fair enough to have somewhat conciliated Richard Talbot. But he scarcely looked at me. The ceremony was scrupulously and coldly performed, my father, aunt and governess being present on my side, and on Richard's his father and his three maiden sisters."

"I never saw my father alive again; he died the following week, and the mockery of our wedding festivities at Talbot Castle was suspended at once in deference to my grief. Then he came to London and my lord selected for his own use the left wing of the house, and politely placed at my disposal all the remaining apartments. I considered this an intimation that I was not expected to intrude upon his quarters, and I scrupulously avoided every approach to them. I knew from the first that all attempts to win him would be useless, and indeed I felt too sorrowful and humiliated to try. During the few weeks that we remained under the same roof we seldom met, and I am afraid I did not make these rare interviews at all pleasant. I felt wronged and miserable, and my own face, and heavy eyes were only a reproach to him."

"Oh, what a monster, Kate."

"Not quite that, Selina. There were many excuses for him. I saw a paragraph in the *Times* saying that Lord Richard Talbot intended to accompany a scientific exploring party whose destination was Central Asia. I instantly sent and asked my husband for an interview. I had intended dressing myself with care for the meeting and making one last effort to win the kindly regard, at least, of one whom I could not help loving. But some unfortunate fatality attended our meeting, and I never could do myself justice in his presence. He answered my request at once. I suppose, he did so out of respect and kindness, but the consequence was, he found me in an unbecomingly dishabille, and with my face and eyes red and swollen from weeping."

"I felt mortified at so prompt attention so malapropos, and my manner, instead of being winning and conciliating, was cold, unexpressing. I did not rise from the sofa on which I had been sobbing, and he made no attempt to sit down beside me or to comfort me."

"I pointed to the paragraph and asked if it was true."

"Yes, Lady Talbot," he said, a little sadly and proudly; "I shall relieve you of my presence in a few days. I intended to call on you to-day with a draft of the provisions I have made for your comfort."

"I had thought of a good many things I could say, but now in his presence I was almost fretful and dumb. He looked at me almost with pity, and said in a low voice: 'Kate, we have both been sacrificed to a necessity involving many besides ourselves. I am trying to make as much reparation as possible. I shall leave you unrestricted use of three-fourths of my income. I desire you to make your life as gay and pleasant as you possibly can. I have no fear for the honor of our name in your hands, and I trust that and all else to you without a doubt. If you would try and learn to make some excuse for my position I shall be grateful. Perhaps when you are not in constant fear of meeting me this lesson may not be so hard.'

"And I could not say a word in reply. I just lay sobbing like a child among the cushions. Then he lifted my hand and kissed it, and I knew he was gone."

"And now, Kate, that you have become the most brilliant woman in England, what do you intend to do?"

"Who knows? I have such a contrary streak in my nature I always do the thing I do not want to do."

Certainly it seemed like it, for, in spite of her confession, when Lord Talbot sent the next morning to request an interview, Kate regretted that she had a prior engagement, but hoped to meet Lord Talbot at the Duchess of Clifford's that night.

My lord bit his lips angrily, but never theless he had been so struck with his wife's brilliant beauty that he determined to keep the engagement.

She did not meet him with sobs this time. The center of an admiring throng, she spoke to him with an ease and nonchalance that would have indicated to a stranger the most usual and commonplace of acquaintanceships. He tried to draw her into a confidential mood, but she said, smilingly, "My lord, the world supposes us to have already congratulated each other; we need not undecieve it."

He was dreadfully piqued, and the pique kept the cause of it continually in his mind. Indeed unless he left London, he could hardly avoid constant meetings which were constant aggravations. My

lady went everywhere. Her beauty, her wealth, her splendid toilettes, her fine manners, were the universal theme. He had to endure extravagant comments on them. Friends told him that Lady Talbot had never been so brilliant and so bewitching as since his return. He was congratulated on his influence over her.

In the meantime she kept strictly at the distance he had himself arranged four years ago. It was evident that if he approached any nearer his beautiful but long neglected wife, he must humble himself to do so. Why should he not? In Lord Talbot's mind the reasons against it had dwindled down to one. It was his valet.

This man had known all his master's matrimonial troubles, and in his own way had sympathized with them. He was bitterly averse to Lord Talbot's making any concessions to my lady. One night, however, he received a profound shock.

"Simmons," said Lord Talbot, very decidedly, "go and ask Lady Talbot if she will do me the honor to receive a visit from me?"

My lady would be delighted. She was in exquisite costume, and condescended to exhibit for his pleasure all her most bewildering moods. It was with great reluctance he left her after a two hours' visit. The next night he stayed still longer. My lady had no other engagement, and he quite forgot the one he had made to be present at the Marquis of Stairs' wine party.

The following week my lady received every morning a basket of wonderful flowers, and a little note with them containing a hope that she was in good health.

One morning she was compelled to say that she was not very well, and Lord Talbot was so concerned that he sent Simmons to ask if he might be permitted to eat breakfast with her. My lady was graciously willing, and Lord Richard was quite excited by the permission. He changed his morning gown and cravat several times, quite regardless of Simmons' peculiar face, and, with many misgivings as to his appearance, sat down opposite the lovely little lady in pale blue satin and cashmere and white lace.

It was a charming breakfast, and during it the infatuated husband could not help saying a great many sweet and flattering things. Kate parried them very prettily. "It is well," she said, "that no one hears us. If we were not married they would think we were making love."

"And if we are married, Kate, why not make love now, dear? We had no opportunity before we were married."

"Ah, Richard, in fashionable life we should make ourselves ridiculous. Every one says our behavior is irreproachable. I should have dearly liked it when only a shy, awkward country girl; but now, my lord, we would be laughed at."

"Then, Kate, let us be laughed at; I for one, am longing for it—dying for it. If time should run back and fetch the age of gold, why not love? Let us go back four whole years and a half. Will you, Kate—dearest and sweetest Kate?"

"We should have to run away to the country, Richard, and now I think of it, I have not been to Escher since we were—married, love."

THE SONG OF THE FLATIRON.

I sing the song of the flatiron,
The flatiron heavy and hot,
The flatiron of the laundry;
Who for others' rights cares not a jot;
For, whether to smother, smother, or mangle,
To rumple, rend, roughen, or rip,
I laugh at all laws, in the Chinese claws,
Or the Irish girl's riddle-like grip.
Over surfaces soft, starched, or sodden,
I press, plow and pound in my power;
Frantic cries in hall, bedroom, and boudoir,
Are my deep-roar, delicate dower.
But, hush! I leap to my pastime;
Of creases and kinks I am king,
And of folds that criss-cross I'm the flat-footed boss,
As my song self-complacent I sing.
The curling tongs clink with amaze,
The fluting iron writhes with spite,
As washboard and wringer their victims
Prepare for my fateful delight;
And I hiss as I scorch curls and collars,
I smoke as the wrists and I fry,
And I laugh it to drop as the shirt-buttons pop
And the plaits pucker under my play.
In embroidery and lace I revel,
Fine needlework dies at my touch,
And, with me at my best, not a garment
Need wait for Time's sundering clutch.
And still my brave song of the flatiron
I sing with a jovial lip,
As I tramp, twirl and twist in the Chinaman's hat
Or the brawny Hibernian grip.

Mrs. Jarnigan's Jersey

Mrs. Jarnigan was one of those fortunate people who live "only ten minutes" walk from the station, past which the trains run cityward at such hours as 8:30 and 10:45; and, as the time table is being continually altered, much wholesome exercise is afforded the business men of that happy locality.

Mrs. J. was a close student of all the popular fashion journals, and it was through this source that she received the valuable information that nothing sets off a pretty figure like a Jersey. Now Mrs. J. had a pretty figure, not having yet acquired the peculiar lopsidedness of suburban residents, due to much carrying of bundles.

In common, also, with the rest of her sex she had also to heart such simple maxims as, "A dress in the hand is worth ten at the dressmaker's," and "Milliners are the mothers of lies," and she could appreciate the comfort of a ready-made garment.

"Rupert, I'm going to get a jersey," she announced, at the breakfast table.
"Hum!" said Rupert to his newspaper.
In a few minutes, however, the remark had bored through the manly thickness of his skull, and he observed with sarcasm:

"Perhaps you'll keep it in the front yard as an ornament?"
"Indeed I shan't! I'm going to wear it."
"I thought snakes, and beetles, and spiders, and roaches, and angle-worms were bad enough—well, don't expect me to walk to church with you with such a thing on your bonnet."

"What are you talking about?" demanded Mrs. J. with contemptuous severity.
"Why, the cow, of course! You said you were going to get a Jersey."
"Cow, indeed! If you ever half listened to me—a Jersey is sort of a jacket."
"O-ho!" said Rupert, in relieved tones; "is that all?"

And hearing a distant whistle, he rushed madly forth toward the railway station.
Left to herself, Arabella shed bitter, bitter tears over his brutal lack of sympathy, as she rummaged in the pockets of his second-best suit for car tickets and loose change.

To think and to act were synonymous with this noble woman, and not an hour had rolled past before she had taken the next train to town, and procured a jersey.
On reaching home she wrestled into it, with the aid of the cook and parlor-maid, and then, pale and exhausted, sat down to recuperate.

But it fitted her like a glove, and so pleased was she with her appearance that she called on all her neighbors, and gained a great deal of useful information on many subjects.

Mr. J., like most husbands, belonged to the genus male and therefore, when the shades of evening brought him home again, he did not notice her new garment. Arabella hid her wounded heart under a smile, and remained silent.

At length she withdrew to rest, leaving Mr. J. smoking on the porch.
She began to remove her jersey. It was something like skinning a cat, and about the time she had got it well over her head, a hitch occurred, and it would go no further.

She tugged at it. All in vain. Then she began to get frightened. She thought of the smothering of Desdemona; of the wretched prisoners in the Black Hole of Calcutta; then she remembered a sermon she had heard last Sunday on "them that peer in darkness," and she began to weep.

Must she perish thus? She tried to call Mr. J., but the door was shut. Perhaps she might reach it. Alas! she had lost her bearings, and knew not whether to turn. So she staggered around for a minute or two, tumbled over a chair, kicked over the table, and knocked the pitcher off the washstand in her blind gropings.

It was this noise that attracted Mr. J. He fancied he heard his name called in muffled tones of anguish, and the thought struck him that perhaps Mrs. J. was being garroted by an early burglar.

Faithfully as he was a husband, he could not let such a deed pass unchecked in his house. So he bounded up-stairs, stamping his toes and uprooting several stair-boards—not omitting the "harmless, necessary damn" customary on such occasions.

At the first glimpse he thought Mrs. J. might be masquerading as the Veiled Prophet; but a smothered wail issued from the depths:
"Take it off! Oh, take it off!"
"Where? Where? What is it?" he cried looking about for the usual spider or cat-carpillar.

"Why, this thing—this nasty, horrid jersey. Pull it off—do!"
Arising to the emergency, Mr. J. clutch ed it, and pulled with a will; but Mrs. J.'s hairpins had, somehow, got mixed up with the elastic webbing, and when the jersey did come off, it was split up the back, and had carried with it several handfuls of golden hair.

Then Mrs. J. shed some more tears, and told Mr. J. he was a brute.
Mr. J. could not appreciate this point. But then men are obtuse.—Puck.

A Lakeside Musing.

Capt. Foamest turned quickly on his heel after giving this order in the sharp, decisive tone habitual to seafaring men, and continued to pace the quarter-deck of the Avenger with regular tread. With hands behind him and eyes steadily fixed on the oaken planks which upheld him he did not look like a man on whose mind was pressing the weight of a great responsibility—a responsibility that ere the sun sank to rest beneath the waters might necessitate the shedding of human blood.

For five minutes he paced the deck in silence, and then turning with a show of impatience and speaking in a tone that betrayed irritation, if not anger, he again said: "Avast heaving."

The man to whom the command was addressed, a fine, brawny fellow, with a clear eye and honest face—in fact, the very model of a first-class sailor, drew in his head from over the bulwarks and replied: "I cannot."

"How long have you been in the American navy, my man?" asked the Captain, in not unkind tones.
"Ten years, sir," was the reply.
"And is this your first experience on the water?"

"Yes, sir."
"Very well; avast heaving as soon as it is convenient."
"Aye, aye, sir," replied the man, hitching up his pants respectfully.

The Captain walked slowly aft and addressed the man at the wheel—"Old Tom," a grizzled sea dog, who had sailed the Washburn under Secretary Thompson, and seen service off the rock-bound coast of Lemont when a hostile consular endeavor to attach a canal-boat.

"How does she head?" asked the Captain, looking into the binnacle.
"West by south," replied Old Tom, giving the wheel a turn and glancing aloft to see that the top-sails were drawing.
"I think we shall have a cupful of wind from the north tonight," he added. "You cloud has a wicked look."

"Very well," said the Captain, "I will tell the cook to lash the beefsteak to the galley and make fast the toothpicks, in case anything should happen."
Night has come.

The Avenger is cleaving the water in gallant style, the white foam curling from her bow as she comes in stays and stands away on the starboard tack. The quarter-deck is deserted save by Lieut. Allant, whose watch it is. The Captain has gone below, and the steady, strident snore that is wafted upward tells that he is asleep. Suddenly one of the lookouts comes aft and touches his cap to the Lieutenant.

"There's a sail on the port bow, sir," he says.
Lieut. Allant takes his glass and looks in the direction indicated.
"It is the pirate," he says, speaking calmly, as do all naval officers—in books.
"Send a man below to put a clothespin on the Captain's nose. And while you are there bring up my cutlass and a piece of pie."

The man disappeared.
In the meantime preparations had been made for the approaching conflict. The men were stationed behind the bulwarks, and their faces were a determined frown. Nearer and nearer drew the Avenger to her prey until at last she lay alongside the dreaded oyster pirate of Chesapeake Bay. Not a sign of life was visible on the craft. From the mizenmast a week's washing flapped dully in the night wind.

Lieut. Allant reached over the Avenger's side and grasped a shirt, thereby being enabled to hold his vessel steady. The men witnessed this manœuvre in silent admiration. Brilliant seamanship always commands respect.

"Ship ahoy!" called the Lieutenant.
A noise was heard aboard the craft, and an instant later Black Mike, the pirate, appeared on deck. He comprehended the situation in an instant, and drawing a huge knife from his boot sprang forward to cut the tail from the shirt to which Lieut. Allant was holding, thereby allowing the Avenger to drift into the darkness. The officer was on the alert, however, and felled the pirate to the deck with a piece of the Government pie which he had not had time to eat. The man rose quickly, but thoroughly humbled.

"Well," he said, sullenly, "you have caught me at last."
"Do you surrender?" asked the Lieutenant.
"No," answered the pirate, with a horrible oath: "I will sell my life dearly."
"Reflect on what you are doing," said Lieut. Allant's voice trembled as he spoke. "You are at our mercy. At a signal from me 100 copies of Secretary Chandler's report will be hurled on your deck."

"My God!" said the pirate; "are you, then, devoid of all humanity?"
"Yes," replied the Lieutenant; "no quarter will be given if the battle is begun."
The pirate looked into the portholes of the Avenger and saw the muzzles of the documents frowning at him. "Is this report the usual length?" he asked.

"Yes."
"And you have really got 100 copies aboard?"
"Yes."
"Then surrender. A brave defense is one thing, but suicide is another."—From the Unpublished Works of J. Fenimore Cooper.

Cadillac, Nov. 9, 1883.
Dr. Pengelly:
I am canvassing in Cadillac, and hear a great deal about your medicine. I enclose pay for two bottles of your pill remedy. Please send at once. Many think Zoa-Phora has almost done miracles for them. I hear of none who are dissatisfied with it.

Yours,
Mrs. O. Hollister.
From Lieut. John Osborn, of the firm of Evans, Webster & Co., Boston.
Two bottles of Adanson's Botanic Balm affected a cure in my family that four medical physicians failed to do.

Sold by druggists and dealers at 35 cents.

Opium Smuggling.

Opium is surreptitiously supplied by San Francisco Chinamen to their countrymen in the Sandwich Islands, where it is forbidden. The drug brings \$80 to \$90 a pound, and the smuggling of a few hundred pounds makes a Chinaman rich. In numerous ways they try to introduce it.

A large safe was consigned to a prosperous merchant. An officer demanded that it be opened. The Chinaman declared that he had forgotten the combination. That night the safe, weighing four tons, was taken out of the bonded warehouse, carted away several miles, emptied, and left in a sugar-cane field, where the officers found it next day, with evidence that it had been crammed with opium.

A man had a contract for washing the linen of the Pacific Mail steamers. Hundreds of bundles, each containing a can of opium, were pitched from the steamer's deck to the wharf and carted to his laundry. He happened to be sick on one occasion, and his assistant, who was ignorant of the contraband trade, handled the linen in such a way that a can of opium fell out. A number of sewing machines were sent to Honolulu, and by accident it was discovered that the legs were hollow and packed with opium.

Opium has been delivered in the islands in fruit cans, the can being divided into three compartments, the two outside ones filled with fruit and the larger one with opium. Large quantities have also been shipped to the island in stove wood, each piece of the wood being bored. Masses of coal have done service in the same way.

VARIETIES.

"I understand that you have broken your engagement with beautiful Miss Piggeworth," said Col. Willin to a young man.
"Yes; decided that we could never get along together."

"What evidence had you of incompatibility?"
"Striking evidence. The last time I was at her house she showed me a decided weakness in her character. Now, if there is anything in this world that I admire, it is strength. In my grand admiration for strength, my dear Colonel, I lose sight of a hundred faults."

"Why, my friend," the Colonel replied, "Miss Piggeworth is a lady of strong character."
"No, no, she's weak. Now Colonel, you know I am a man of the world and attach more importance to strength than a less-schooled man would."

"Is she too girlish in her manner?"
"Oh, no."
"Vacillating in her tastes?"
"No, quite steadfast."

"Then, how the deuce is she weak?"
"Well, you see, while I was with her the other evening, the rest of the family were away from home. While we were talking pleasantly a servant entered and said the washerwoman had come and wanted her pay, and, sir, without making an attempt to stand the woman off she deliberately paid the amount. I can't stand anything like that, and I am convinced that she would not do for my wife."

"I quite agree with you," the Colonel replied, after a moment's reflection. "Such a weakness of character would soon break a man up. Fortunately, I didn't marry that kind of a woman."

They were two solid citizens. One was bald, but rejoiced in a fine, luxuriant beard. The other had a heavy growth of hair on his head, but was very bald as to his chin. The bald-headed citizen was a very talkative individual, whose conversation was rapid and incessant. Meeting the bald-headed citizen one day in a company of gentlemen, he opened first on him touching the barbers of his species.

"What do you suppose," said he, in his rattling, vivacious way, "what do you suppose, neighbor, is the reason you have no hair on your head and so much on your chin?"
"Well," said the other, very deliberately, "scientists say that men who work with their brains create such a heat in the scalp that the hair is worn off."

"That sounds like a likely theory," chimed in the loquacious citizen.
"Yes, it does," returned the other, "and I think your case is a striking illustration of its probability. Now you have plenty of hair on your head but none on your chin, which just backs up the scientific theory, because all your work is done with your jaws—there's nothing done on top."

A big clock hangs above the head of the ticket agent at One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street Station of the Third Avenue Elevated Road. A placard on the pendulum says:
"Yes, sir; I am right."
A passenger gazed at it yesterday and started to inquire "What is—?"
But the agent cut him short and yelled:
"That's the time to keep people from asking if that's the right time. Questions used to average from 100 to 500 per day. Now twice as many ask what the placard's for, and the thing's worse than ever. Keeps me talking nearly all day."

The rector of one of our city churches, who had visited Trinity the Sunday before, took occasion to have a little talk with his organist. He spoke of the excellent musical service in Trinity, and summed up by saying that they had very fine music over there. The organist was naturally somewhat nettled to have his work criticised, but he had the good sense to disguise his feelings, and when the rector had concluded he quietly remarked:

"Yes, they have good music, that's a fact; and, by the way, they have pretty good preaching over there too."

At tea at Mrs. De Rampanbois' some ladies were talking among themselves about the American Indians at the Jardin d'Acclimation. "Have you been to see them, my dear madame?" asked the mistress of the house of one of her friends.

"I'll tell the friend. How horrible! Never in my life! The women are horridly clad!"
"Indeed?"
"It even appears that in their own country they don't wear any clothes at all."

"Get along with you. Then what do they have to talk to each other about?"
A very handsome elderly maiden was boring a young fellow with some sort of an explanation or other, and he was crazy to talk to a pretty girl on the other side of the room. Finally, she said:

"Do I make myself plain?"
"Well, Miss Sarah, I believe you do."
"Be sure of it, because I want to do so."
"Really, Miss Sarah, I don't know whether you do or not; but whether it is you or the Lord, I should say you are made about as plain as any woman I ever saw."

Then he went over to the other girl.

ABRAHAM and Joshua had been invited out to a splendid dinner. It was impossible for Joshua not to make capital out of such an opportunity; accordingly he managed to slip a silver spoon into his boot. Abraham was green with envy at Joshua's success, for he had not even manipulated a salt-spoon. But an idea struck him. "My friends," he cried, "I will show you some tricks." Taking up a spoon he said: "You see dees spoon? Well, it ees gone!" He cried, passing it up his sleeve. "You will find it in Joshua's boot." It was found. Abraham got away with the spoon in his sleeve.

A boy was sent to milk the cow, and after he had been gone something over two hours, his father started out to look him up. He found him sitting patiently on a three-legged stool in the corner of a ten-acre lot.

"What the mischief are you sitting there for?" demanded the father frate frate. "Why don't you do your work and get back to the house?"

"Because," answered the boy, "the teacher said to-day that all things come to him who waits, and I am waiting for the cow."

A CINCINNATI lawyer has a high opinion of his brethren at the bar in Chicago, and relates an incident as an illustration. He says a couple of confidence men spotted a countryman with a big roll of greenbacks, and dogged his steps all over town, until passing along Clark street he was observed to enter a lawyer's office. He immediately called a conference.

Said one, "the game is up—it's no use waiting for him." Said the confederate, "that's so, but let's lay for the lawyer when he comes out."

An absent-minded clergyman, when a couple called on him to be married, began to read the burial service, beginning in a solemn voice: "Man that is born of woman has but a short time to live, and is full of trouble."

The bridegroom interrupted the minister, telling him of the serious mistake he had made.
"Well," was the reply, "if you insist upon it I will marry you, of course, but believe me, you had better let me go on and bury you."

LITTLE Freddie was undergoing the disagreeable operation of having his hair combed by his mother, and he grumbled at the manœuvre.
"Why, Freddie," said mamma, "You ought not to fuss so much. I don't fuss and cry when my hair is combed."

"Yes," replied the youthful party; "but your hair isn't hitched to your head."

Don't worry about another man's business. A little selfishness is sometimes commendable. Don't insult a poor man. His muscles may be well developed. Don't say, "I told you so." Two to one you never said a word about it.

Any dairy maid will inform you that the brown cow will often turn pale.
Malaria and Jim-jams are said to mean the same thing in Congressional circles.
A patch man is a heap easier to carry 'bout wild yowls than a bill that yo' kyan't pay.

Book-keeping made easy—Don't return borrowed books. Nor lend any that you have.
"Anna, what must you do, before anything else, to have your sins forgiven?" "Commit the sins."

De chap dat am stoopin' over hoein' out his tail, is apt to see all de leetle statues of his naburs.
A Paris clock has hands weighing 50 pounds each; but you don't want to be withn' reach when it strikes.

Poverty o' body is bad, but poverty o' mind is worse. I don't feel as sorry for a poor sensible man as I do for a rich fool.
Bacon thinks that "life's but a span." So is for married people, but it's single harness for bachelors, beyond a doubt.

Gilpin, reading in a paper that "Facts are stubborn things," says there's no particle of doubt but that his wife is a fact.
Homogeneity is said to resemble the conditions of a sale of land, a quarter, and the balance in one, two and three years.

"Telegraph blue" is a new color. It is the shade of a man's face when he gets a dispatch from his broker asking for more margin.
"I was only fooling one of your late bills," declared a fop father to his daughter, after kicking her sweet William out of the front yard.

Customer: "Give me some fish. Walter: "What will you take, sir, blue fish?" Customer: "It makes no difference; I'm color blind." Puck.

Why are trees among the best-mannered productions of the globe? Because they always leave in time, and never leave without a bough.
There is an old Gaelic saw which runs thus: "If the best man's faults were written on his forehead, it would make him pull his hat over his eyes."

"There are two boating associations here," wrote a Japanese student home, "called Yale and Harvard. When it rains, the members read books."
"This five-cent nickel has got a hole in it," said the chestnut-vender. "And these chestnuts are all with the same complaint," replied the customer.

If you wish people to be kindly toward you, you had best begin by being kindly toward them. The man who scatters thorns had better not go barefoot.
When an artist climbs over a fence to get a nearer view of a handsome bull-dog, he must take the chances of his sketching the dog, or the dog's sketching him.

The wife of a Fargo lawyer knocked her husband down with a copy of the statistics of Dakota. When a woman takes the law into her own hands something has got to drop.
Dr. J. G. Wood, describing the perfect discipline which exists among colonies of ants, says that the officers, who are always in the rear, are distinguished only by their big heads.

Vanderbilt's interest on his United States four per cent bonds amounts to \$3.88 per minute. How much did he make when the change to standard time went into effect. Send reply by mail.
Judge: "How high do you value the boots stolen from you?" Witness: "Originally they cost eight marks, and then I have had them repaired twice at three marks each time—which makes 14 marks."

A young man who went to the late war was talking among themselves about the statistics of this fashion: "My dear Julia—Whenever I am tempted to do wrong I think of you, and I say: 'Get thee behind me, Satan.'"
"Is Mr. McJannet at home?" Inquired a man of a servant who answered the bell. "Ah! sir," replied the maid, "he is dead and he is—well, then, I won't disturb him."

No artist ever received a better compliment than this: Some one was looking at his picture of a man playing a flute. He examined it with great care, and then said: "Well, when I look at that waiting I think myself deaf."
When a friend of the youth of Mr. W. H. Travers met him after a long separation, the friend exclaimed: "Well, you have got on rich, prosperous, and influential, I declare! But somehow you seem to stutter more." "B-b-bigger city," said Mr. Travers.

LAFAYETTE, Mich., Feb. 26, 1881.
I am in receipt of your circular. I keep a good supply of your Down's Elixir (all the sizes), believing it to be one of the best Cough Remedies put up. Also keep Dr. Barker's Mandrake Bitters, and Henry & Johnson's Arnica and Oil Liniment.

The Household.

AN UNPLEASANT SITUATION.

Paragraphs in our daily papers state that the "Female Base Ball Club" of Philadelphia, lately came to grief at St. Louis, and being without money, requested the assistance of the mayor of the city to enable them to return to their homes in the City of Brotherly Love. He declined to assist them, but in some way they raised funds to take them to Chicago, where they "played a game," hoping to get farther eastward with the proceeds.

In Chicago they paraded the streets in a band wagon, accompanied by the inspiring music of the life and drum, and were well stared at by the hoodlums of that none too pious burg. The Chicago journals say that about three hundred men and boys "about town" attended the "match" in the evening, and do not speak with any particular respect of either audience or players.

These young girls, the oldest of whom is seventeen, the youngest thirteen, are reported to belong to respectable families of the Quaker City; to be intelligent, good-looking, and fairly educated. No one has added the adjective refined, presumably because the idea of refinement does not attach itself to girls who travel through the country as "first base" and "short stop" of a ball club. It is said there was very much opposition on the part of the families of these young women to this very "new departure," and that tears were shed on both sides.

It is to be regretted that parental commands did not take the place of entreaties, or that a few days' discipline on bread-and-water, after the ancient fashion of subduing refractory damsels, were not brought to bear on youthful obstinacy and hot-headedness. The outcome, precisely what might have been expected, is hardly pleasant to those concerned.

Have one's baggage attached to a board bill, to be compelled to remain at a hotel, increasing a debt one has no means to pay from sheer inability to stray and get away; to be penniless in a strange town and obliged to appeal to its authorities for charity, must be somewhat humiliating. "Mother was right; I wish I had listened to her; must have been thought more than once."

It is probable that these young women started out expecting to make some money by their trip. Certainly the next most potent inducement must have been that unfortunate desire for notoriety, that wish to be seen and talked about and paragraphed in the papers, so unhappily characteristic of "the times." It was not that they could play ball so much better than any other club; it was only because they thought people would be attracted by the unusual spectacle of women playing a game heretofore monopolized by men, that they started out to get money and notoriety, to be stared at and criticised, and also, what they did not count upon, sneered at and ignored.

It would seem that the returning swing of the pendulum is carrying us too far. Time was when a woman was not expected to do any work, save teaching, which would take her from the safe shelter of home. It was a happy day for womanhood when this notion was exploded; it will be a sad day for the sex when we go too far in the opposite direction. A woman may do any remunerative work which her necessities require, this right society tacitly grants; men will help her to succeed in almost any undertaking to which she is urged by her needs; if she can do the work and do it well, let her do it, they say. Anything for necessity, nothing for notoriety, is the concession thinking men and women are ready to make. Honest recognition is granted to every woman's well done work, and the working woman is gaining ground daily. But all finite things must have a limit; the line must be drawn somewhere, and it is, and ought to be, drawn just where a woman puts herself before the public for the sake of publicity. Her necessities are respected, her vanities and follies laughed at and condemned.

There seems to be no particular necessity for either female base ball clubs or brass bands; the world does not seem to yearn for either; neither "fills a long felt want." Necessity cannot be urged when uniform, instruments, instruction and other expenses equal or exceed the returns, nor when the time spent in training, if otherwise employed, would yield an equal or greater income. We are not at present, "educated up" to the required point so far as these matters are concerned.

It would appear that the notoriety which gives zest to such enterprises is obtained at the sacrifice of a good deal of girlish modesty and womanly delicacy. All that sweet freshness, that naïveté, that innocence which is so great a charm to youth, is lost in the encounter with all sorts and conditions of men, who think girls who thus court publicity must be prepared to listen to chaff and not particularly refined badinage. However, naturally refined and modest girls may be, such experiences eventually take "the bloom from the rose" and lead to forwardness and pertness, unpleasant even to those who have provoked it. A girl—a young woman—is taken somewhat at her own valuation of herself; if she holds herself cheap, she need not expect others to increase her own estimate.

Surely no man with knowledge of the world and its snares for the young and unsuspecting, would willingly expose his daughter to unnecessary temptation; surely no mother who knows how captious society ever is in its judgments, would wish her child exposed to its keenest arrows, merely to gratify an abnormal appetite for notoriety. Something may be forgiven to young impetuosity and eagerness for the new and untried, but the office of parents is to restrain and control the young to their own good.

There is nothing, whether in swinging a base ball bat, catching a ball, whacking a base drum or distending pretty cheeks and lips in blowing a cornet, which is useful, necessary, remunerative, graceful, picturesque, or which in any way makes a girl appear to advantage; why do we do it?

A SUNDAY OBSERVATION.

Walking down to church last Sunday morning rather more rapidly than others on the same errand bent, I passed several groups of ladies and gentlemen, fragments of whose conversation reached my ears. Of the three beves composed entirely of ladies, every one was canvassing that great and absorbing topic, dress.

"I shall have it made up quite plainly,"—"green silk with brocade front and pleated panels;" "She had on a lovely new—," truly, "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." In passing along the streets I sometimes amuse myself by noting how characteristic are some of the snatches of conversation unavoidably overheard. Middle-aged men almost invariably talk of stocks, bonds, or other money matters, or of horses; very young ones make cautious references to "she." Matronly ladies are given to much discussion of costumes, and the girls are generally smiling and dimpling and confidentially repeating "He said."

It seems to be "human nature." But this brief reference to what "they" were saying is intended simply as a slight excuse for myself, for I deliberately took note of a miss's dress in a neighboring pew for the purpose of describing it to FARMER readers. It was such a neat, pretty costume, so simple and becoming, that I really felt as if it would be "one of Life's golden opportunities" lost if I did not. The dress was of sea brown cashmere, with two narrow rows of single box pleating set on without a heading around the skirt, a straight back width draped in long full folds, an apron front hi on the left side and bordered by a band of black fur. The half fitting coat of cashmere was also bordered with fur, and opened with revers in front over a velvet vest or waistcoat. The brown felt hat, tied down to form a slight poke, was fur-trimmed, and trimmed with a full bow of satin ribbon, and a brown bird whose plumage shaded into a deep golden yellow. Missy's abundant yellow locks were parted behind, braided, and looped across from side to side, being tied with full bows of brown satin ribbon; the front hair was short and worn in a picturesque confusion which "beggars description." The whole suit was so lady-like and genteel that it was impossible not to admire it and its pretty blonde wearer, by contrast with the overdressed girls near by.

The little four-year-old sister whose "baby blue" eyes wandered wonderingly from the gorgeous stained glass windows to the sparkling chandelier with its hundreds of prismatic pendants, had on a blue satin cloak, with three box pleats the whole length, both in front and behind, which gave the necessary fullness to the skirt, and these pleats were confined slightly by a blue cord about the waist. There were two satin rosettes in the back, and the warm wadded lining of the garment made the little one look somewhat like an elongated ball of blue. The face inside the grey Angora hood was framed in a quilling of white lace, topped with blue bows.

And to prove that in spite of my gathering of fashion items I had yet "ears to hear" Bishop Harris's sermon, I shall repeat what he told us of the after life of Pontius Pilate, ruler at Jerusalem when Christ was upon earth. Although Pilate was so zealous to prove himself "the friend of Caesar," the latter afterward deposed and banished him to a lonely mountain of Switzerland, near Lake Lucerne, still known as the *Mont Pilatus*. Here, forsaken and desolate, he finally drowned himself, and the simple peasants to this day insist that before a storm his shadowy form may be seen through the gathering mists, washing his hands as on that eventful day in the council chamber.

BEATRIX.

A FINE COMPLEXION.

In a recent issue of Dio Lewis' Monthly we find the following:
"To soften and whiten the skin there is nothing more beneficial than oatmeal, taken internally and used externally. After a warm bath it may be used dry, or pour boiling water over a few spoonfuls of it, and let stand a few hours. On going to bed, wash the hands and face freely in the starchy water, and dry without wiping. Bran and Indian-meal may be used instead, with nearly the same effect. For the full bath put the bran or oatmeal into small bags, otherwise the difficulty of removing the particles which adhere to the skin is considerable."

"Ladies with oily or greasy skins may use, sparingly, a few drops of camphor in the bath. Borax and glycerine combined, are used with good effect by some people, while thoroughly disagreeing with others. Glycerine alone softens and heals, but in time will darken the skin and make it over-sensitive; the borax obviates this, and has a tendency to whiten. No toilet table is complete without a bottle of ammonia. A few drops of this in the bath cleanses the skin and stimulates it wonderfully. It is especially valuable in removing the odor from those who perspire freely."

